I'm not a bot

Las medias de los flamencos horacio quiroga ciudad seva

Las medias de los flamencos in english. Las medias de los flamencos de horacio quiroga. Horacio quiroga las medias de los flamencos.

Ask the publishers to restore access to 500,000+ books. One time the snakes gave a big dance party. They invited the frogs and toads, the flamingos, and the caimans and fish. The fish, since they can't walk, couldn't dance; but since the dance was by the river, the fish were sticking out their noses on the sand, and clapping with their tails. The caimans had put a necklace of bananas around their necks, and were smoking Paraguayan cigars. The toads had stuck fish scales all over their bodies, and were walking wiggling themselves, as if they were swimming. And every time they passed very serious by the river, the fish were yelling at them, teasing them. The frogs had perfumed their entire body, and were walking on two legs. Plus, each one was carrying a firefly hanging like a lantern. But the most beautiful ones were the snakes. All of them, without exception, were wearing a dancer's suit in the same color as each snake. The red snakes were wearing a little tulip skirt of red cloth; the green ones, a tulip skirt of green cloth; the yellow ones, another one of yellow cloth; and the grayish-yellow ones, a skirt with a little grey polka dot design because that's the color of those types of snakes. And the most spectacular of all were the coral-colored snakes, who were wearing long, flowy cloths in red, white, and black, and dancing like serpents. When the snakes danced and twirled supported on their tails' tips, all the guests were applauding wildly. Only the flamingos, which then had white legs, and now have as before a very thick and twisted nose, were sad, because they didn't know how to decorate themselves. They envied everyone's outfit, especially the coral-colored snakes'. Each time a snake passed in front of them coquetting and making their serpentine cloths flow, the flamingos would die from envy. A flamingo said then: -We're going to do something. We'll put on colored tights, white ones, and black ones, and the coral-colored snakes will fall in love with us. And lifting all the wings, they crossed the river and went to beat on a store in town. -Tantan! They pounded with their legs. -Who is it? -answered the shopkeeper. -We're the flamingos. Does he have colored tights, white ones, and black ones? The shopkeeper replied: -How do you say that? Colored, white, and black? There are no such tights anywhere. You guys are crazy! Who are they? -They're the flamingos -they replied. And the man said: -Then they must be crazy flamingos. They went to another store. Tantan! Does he have colored tights, white ones, and black ones? The shopkeeper shouted: -What color? blancas y negras? Solamente a pájaros narigudos como ustedes se les ocurre pedir medias así. ¡Váyanse enseguida! Y el hombre los echó con la escoba. Los flamencos recorrieron así todos los almacenes, y de todas partes los echaban por locos. Entonces un tatú, que había ido a tomar agua al río, se quiso burlar de los flamencos y les dijo: –¡Buenas noches, señores flamencos! Yo sé lo que ustedes buscan. No van a encontrar medias así en ningún almacén. Tal vez haya en Buenos Aires, pero tendrán que pedirlas por encomienda postal. Mi cuñada, la lechuza, tiene medias así. Pídanselas, y ella les va a dar las medias coloradas, blancas y negras. Los flamencos le dieron las gracias, y se fueron volando a la cueva de la lechuza. Y le dijeron: –¡Buenas noches, lechuza! Venimos a pedirle las medias coloradas, blancas y negras. Hoy es el gran baile de las víboras, y si nos ponemos esas medias, las víboras de coral se van a enamorar de nosotros. –¡Con mucho gusto! –respondió la lechuza–. Esperen un segundo, y vuelvo enseguida. Y echando a volar, dejó solos a los flamencos; y al rato volvió con las medias. Pero no eran medias, sino cueros de víbora de coral, lindísimos cueros recién sacados a las víboras que la lechuza había cazado. –Aquí están las medias –les dijo la lechuza–. No se preocupen de nada, sino de una sola cosa: bailen toda la noche, bailen sin parar un momento, bailen de costado, de pico, de cabeza, como ustedes quieran; pero no paren un momento, porque en vez de bailar van entonces a llorar. Los flamencos, como son tan tontos, no comprendían bien qué gran peligro había para ellos en eso, y locos de alegría se pusieron los cueros de las víboras de coral, como medias, metiendo las patas dentro de los cueros que eran como tubos. Y muy contentos se fueron volando al baile. Cuando vieron a los flamencos con sus hermosísimas medias, todos les tuvieron envidia. Las víboras querían bailar con ellos, únicamente, y como los flamencos no dejaban un instante de mover las patas, las víboras no podían ver bien de qué estaban hechas aquellas preciosas medias. Pero poco a poco, sin embargo, las víboras comenzaron a desconfiar.